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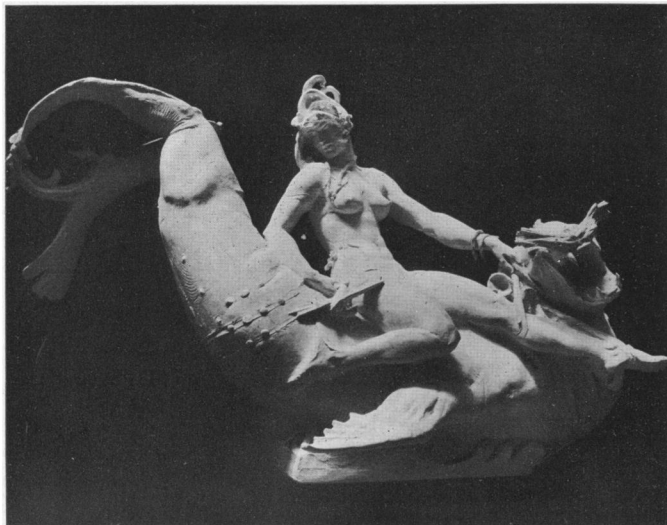
ART AND PROGRESS

VOLUME VI

AUGUST 1915

NUMBER 10

SPECIAL EXPOSITION NUMBER



THE PACIFIC

A. STIRLING CALDER

A PAGEANT OF AMERICAN ART

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THERE is a splendid and significant thing to be said of the showing of native art at the international assembling of works of art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which thing distinguishes it above all other similar exhibitions, and this is the fact that it is alive. It manifests what Bergson calls the "vital urge." It is the demonstration of creative evolution in art, shown not as dead things are shown in a museum, but in living form. More than it is an exhibition, it is a pageant. And for this reason its stimulation must necessarily be of the most powerful kind. It will stamp its influence deep and subtly into the very springs of American life.

In this quality it shares, or, rather it

supremely typifies, the unique character of the great exposition of which it is the soul. The Panama-Pacific is a living organism, not merely a collection of objects with tickets and placards attached to them, stiffly and coldly grouped and arranged for the gazing of curious crowds. In Machinery Hall the giant press is printing a newspaper as well as demonstrating its mere marvels of construction; pumps are at work, dynamos make electric light, engines do practical labor. So in other of the giant halls; the Food Products, for example; at nearly all the booths the actual preparation and making of human nature's daily material substance are busily going forward.

And in the Palace of Art the less material, yet vitally essential, higher food of human nature's loftier existence is supplied dynamically. I don't of course mean by this that the Fine Arts department has caught a lot of artists, tame and wild, and placed them in studio cages, and compelled them to chisel and mould and paint and draw for the edification and amusement of the multitude. But I do mean that Trask appears to have conceived and to have adequately executed a design which brings the exposition of art, on the huge scale necessary at an international fair, into the reach and comprehension of the people at large in a fashion never achieved before.

I think that few bigger American events have ever happened.

I believe that the Fine Arts of the Panama-Pacific is doing more to make the appreciation of and desire for beauty an integral factor in American consciousness than any other thing in our history.

And it seems to me that this credo is the only just viewpoint from which to judge the exhibition at San Francisco. It is easy enough to point out flaws. By accumulating these flaws you could make a big bundle. Then by ignoring everything else and throwing the asphyxiating gas of negation into the trenches of public opinion you could hide the tremendous merits of the exhibition from all those who have not used their own eyes and their own common-sense.

No general exhibition of works of art was ever exclusively a showing of masterpieces. Nor could it be, for its purpose is to display and illustrate the whole body of art, either locally, or, as in the case of an international fair, its world-wide scope. Masterpieces are the century-flowers of artistic achievement. Perfection is not the form, but the ideal of all human endeavors. So it is quite easy to walk through the courts and galleries at San Francisco and point out works of art that annoy, or that call for condemnation. It is also easy to take a walk on an Arizona desert and swear at the cactus thorn that runs into your foot, or at the alkali dust that irritates your eyes, and so forget or turn aside from the transcendent beauty and power of the iron and velvet mountains, the transfiguring glory of the sunlight

in the dusty, golden air, the greatness of the cosmic whole of which the cactus and the alkali are parts.

The greatness of the San Francisco show is simply that it does show, more comprehensively and adequately than ever before, the whole of American art. This is the big, creative idea that is the animating spirit of it all. This tremendously useful plan, combined, again I must advert to it, with the dynamic character and atmosphere in which it is displayed—the feeling and the very throb of the life-force—brings America face to face with the pageant of its art; showing the people the place of art in their national forces; vividly recalling the past, emphasizing the ideas and tendencies of the present, and throwing open the vistas and gateways of the future.

This impressive pageant throws the spell of its incomparable wizardry upon you as soon as you approach the Palace of Art. Never was that rather grandiloquent phrase, with its suggestion of county-fair mentality, more legitimately bestowed than now. It is indeed a palace, in the purpleal, princely sense of the word. It has been described by no less a master of word-music than S. T. Coleridge:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. . . ."

Oh, it's not exact description, of course; but it is better; for it is suggestive, living description—in fact, it is an evocation. For the spirit of the poem is Romance; and romantic—essentially, powerfully, irresistibly romantic, is this Palace of Art. And in this may be found a profound symbol that stamps the whole great exposition with its subtle character. Amid these romantic hills, by the many-colored Bay of Romance, by the Golden Gate of San Francisco, the city of romance, under the sky of California, most romantic of all regions of America, in this wonderful assemblage of all races, this oasis of peace and beauty in the midst of a world gone mad with the awful realism of war, the very quintessence of romance is expressed; and this may well betoken the return into the weary world of the fresh, buoyant, and preservative influence of spiritual

interests. For romance is a spiritual thing. It does not, cannot exist in a materialistic age. It is based on faith, it exists by imagination, and as the message of San Francisco is felt and understood aright it is more and more clearly distinguishable as a voice from the Soul. If the exposition

how beautiful are all things there. Cosmopolitan critics, fastidious intellects suspicious of all direct appeals, here join voice with the humble folks from Muskegee, or anywhere else, in one simple tribute: "How beautiful!"

But of course the critics see what the



THE BREAKING OF WINTER

EDWARD W. REDFIELD

were a failure from mechanical, financial, utilitarian points of view, it nevertheless would remain tremendously a success as a work of art, as a thing of beauty, as an aspiration upward and onward of the human spirit.

And the message is expressed with the utmost precision and in a practical, concrete fashion. It is told in terms of life. Art mingles itself so intimately with the surging, common, daily life of the exposition that everybody knows, because everybody feels,

humble souls may not, how truly American, in a large, vital sense, is the spirit of synthesis which is expressed by the Palace of Art, with its dome and its colonnades standing by the mirror of beauty formed by the lagoon, and its arc of a circle which contains the galleries. The architect responsible for this dream made tangible, B. R. Maybeck, a Californian, drew, I am told, the germ of his inspiration for the rotunda from the painting of "The Island of the Dead," by Arnold Boecklin, and the

suggestion for the colonnade from Gerome's "Chariot Race." Painting thus appropriately joined hands with architecture in a mystical marriage of art.

Rotunda and colonnade are vitally united in the common bonds not only of beauty but of purpose; for both are integral factors in the scheme of the exhibition not merely

and statues with a sense that you have arrived at the very center of the Garden of Art. And it is not alone the sight of the gigantic bisons, by A. Phimister Proctor, nor of the many Indians, and other uniquely American objects, that explains the full force of the powerful impression of Americanism which you feel.



TREMBLING LEAVES

WILLARD L. METCALF

for their own art's sake, but because they lead the visitors to the treasures within by showing them the treasures of sculpture without; which are placed as sculpture should be but so rarely is placed at exhibitions, namely, in natural surroundings, as parts of the decoration, and as vital elements in the architectural ensemble.

Nothing was ever more charming, in the full sense of the word. As you pass through the exposition grounds, thrilling to all the impressions of beauty that you receive on every side, you come upon these garden pieces, fountains, sun-dials, busts,

There is something in the very atmosphere, in this happy mingling of ideas taken from other civilizations and adapted to our own use by artists deriving in blood from all the races under the sun (just read the catalogue names!), that forces the conclusion that although American art is necessarily synthetic it has begun to master the synthesis; it has begun to play with the results of its lessons and influences from abroad; it has begun to create vigorously and boldly instead of imitating dully and dutifully.

In the center of the rotunda, the dome



THE WEST INDIA GIRL

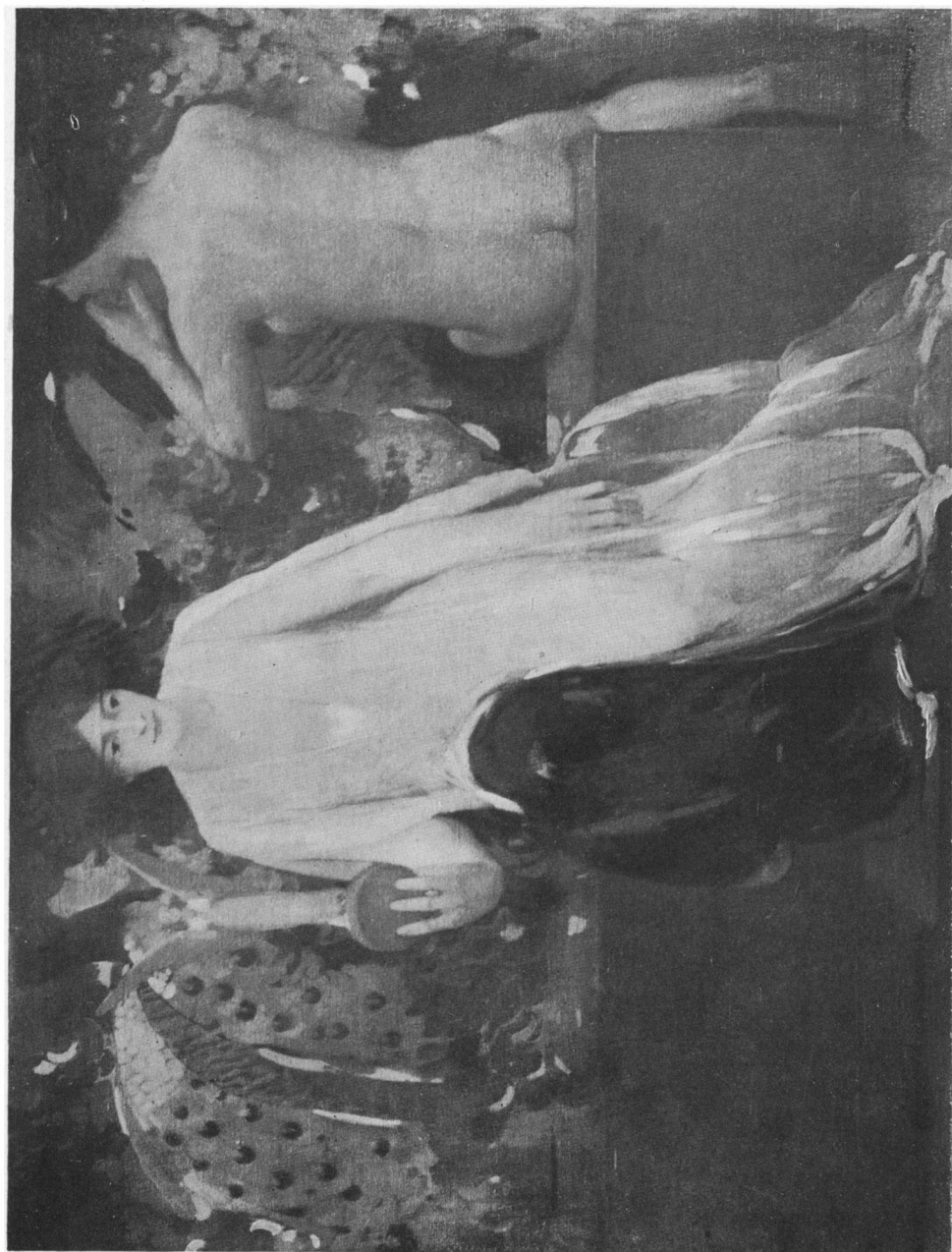
CHILDE HASSAM

of which is decorated by Robert Reid, stands Paul Bartlett's heroic equestrian "Lafayette," and in the space between rotunda and main entrance to the galleries Charles Grafty's "Pioneer Mother," a new work, will be unveiled as soon as its installation is complete. More familiar works, of course, greet the eyes of those accustomed to pilgrimages of beauty, works like the seated Lincoln, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Karl Bitter's "Thomas Jefferson," Daniel Chester French's "Lincoln," and his "Princeton Student," but all these will be new to the vast proportion of the visitors; for it must be borne in mind that this show is nothing short of an artistic revelation to the West. Never has the vast empire west of the Rockies ever been thrilled by the forces of a great and representative exhibition.

Bas-reliefs by Bela L. Pratt and Richard H. Recchia are not merely exhibited in

the rotunda—they are essentially parts of it. To north and south, the colonnade on either side of the main entrance is lined with many works, not stiffly set forth in exhibitionwise, but placed as some modern Croesus might display them upon the road that led you to his palace gate. And Director Trask and Architect Maybeck had the most worthy of artist-collaborators in John McLaren, the gardener, the creator of San Francisco's Golden Gate park. For all these bronze or plaster or marble works are shrined amid living trees and shrubs and flowers, by the shore of this most romantic of lagoons, and the sun-dials, fulfill the actual purpose of their existence, and the fountains throw up living water.

Among the many sculptors represented in this most admirable installation are Janet Scudder, Olin L. Warner, Bessie Potter Vonnob, Albin Polasek, Attilio Piccirilli, Paul Manship, Cyrus Edwin



THE CARNATION

ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

Dallin, Herbert Adams, Emily Clayton Bishop, Edith Woodman Burroughs, John J. Boyle, Edward Berge and Chester Beach.

The sculpture interest continues inside the building. There are groups or cases devoted to the work of Paulanship, and Janet Scudder, Paul Troubetzkoy, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (a fountain), John Bateman (also a fountain), Albert Laessle, with work showing the Japanesque influence very markedly and very delightfully, Joseph J. Mora, a young Californian, with Western Indian types, Arthur Putnam, the most original and powerful talent in sculpture which California has produced. Robert Aitken is well represented, and there is an ample showing of the work of Anna V. Hyatt, Abastenia Eberle, Adolph Weinman, Emily Clayton Bishop, Anna Coleman Ladd, A. Stirling Calder, Paul Noquet, Olin L. Warner, Ralph W. Stackpole, Hermon McNeil, Frederick G. R. Roth, Attilio and Furio Piccirilli, Haig Patigian, Bela L. Pratt, Edward Kemeys, Edgar Walter, Albert Laessle, Eli Harvey, Edwin Willard Deming, Cyrus Edwin Dallin and Albin Polasek.

To go on with the enumeration would be to reprint the catalogue—but since I am in no wise endeavoring to pontificate as a hander-out of awards and punishments, but am simply concerned with the chronicling of the general theme of the wonderful pageant, I will simply point out one thing which I think this list of names most vividly illustrates, namely, the synthetic Americanism of this exhibition. Look over these names—consider from how many races and nations they stem. Do they not show the alembical power of Americanism which can take the offspring of a score of races and impress upon them all, in their common quest for the secret of the expression of beauty, something that is the product of unity—the sum of all these elements?

Entering the galleries with this thought of the ascending note of Americanism in your mind—a thought that is full of excitement and energetic pleasure—you set the seal of a splendid confirmation upon your appreciation of the exhibition's fundamental value to American art. For you discover that the big, new idea which has been the animating principle of this exhi-

bition is the idea of Americanism, the fertile and inspiring idea of a true nationalism. It is well indeed to bring together the ripe fruits and the green buds of all the trees of art, no matter in what soil or beneath what sky they take root and grow; but better yet is it to bind all together in the unity of a great purpose. The purpose is to show the whole pageant of our art, from its origins, and to bring the students of its development face to face with the quintessence of its history. Period speaks unto period, and solitary, individual peaks of genius answer unto each other. And there is brought before your attention with a force such as no library of books, no pilgrimage among a score of galleries throughout the country could give, the main factors of our native art. And from this medley of influences, there emerges a synthetic thought. All these multifarious voices that give testimony unite in one great message. That thought, that message, may I venture to say, seems to me to be this:

"The childhood of American art has passed. The time of initiation is definitely over. In a race made up of the fusion of so many racial strains, it is idle to seek for a uniqueness that is not the uniqueness of individuals. That is to say, art is bound to be eclectic in America, in its bases, its influences, and its forms; but from this common soil of commingled cultures individual ideas will flourish richly. There may, perhaps, never be an 'American school,' in the restricted sense of the term; but there surely will be an American school with the distinguishing note of individuality in its members."

Now, for some, maybe for many of those who visit the galleries in San Francisco, which just now form the center of art in this western world, the best plan will be to browse at random, as much of the most productive reading is done; but for others a systematic course of study is best, and for those the galleries are so arranged that the pageant can be followed from past to present in a most comprehensive fashion.

There is, for example, to make the proper start, the room dedicated to the earliest painters—John Singleton Copley, Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, Charles Wilson Peale. Near this

room is another containing the work of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney and Raeburn. In other words, here is the start of American art, and here also are the men who influenced the pioneers. And there is the thought—underlying all questions of a technical kind—of the human interest of this beginning; of the interest of man in man; of human personality being the first direct motive of our native art. Portraits and landscape—these were and have remained the dominant concerns of American painting, with the interest of man in man as the major, primal fact, and then the interest of man in his natural environment.

This second interest concentrates its primary message in the room where are gathered together the works of the Hudson River school—Cropsey, Durand, Hart, Worthington Whittredge; with its distinctive idea, perhaps, culminating in Bierstadt—a reflection which suggests the further idea that as Bierstadt painted in California, his influence, and that of his school, the school of a direct, truthful, panoramic reporting of the facts of landscape, probably affected the California pathbreakers, Thomas Hill and William Keith, in their early style, Hill was more strongly marked than Keith, for whom art's revelation was contained in the message from Barbizon, the fine flowers of which influence in America are to be seen, of course, not merely in the work of the Scotchman who devoted himself to California's beauty with so much ardor (as his compatriot, John Muir, has also done, in another way), but in the work of George Inness, Wyant, and Homer Martin, among many others.

Appropriately, William Keith has been singled out for honor, an entire room being devoted to nearly thirty of his paintings. Greatest figure in the art of the West, this unfolding of the pageant of art on the shores of the Pacific would have lacked its true dramatic value without this apotheosis of the hard-working old master of the West.

But the subject of the individual rooms is big enough for enthusiastic treatment by itself. To me it is a symbolical subject. It sums up the inner message of the whole exhibition. It proves and most dramatically illustrates what I have said above—

that true Americanism in art is the emergence of unique individualities from a soil of synthetic influences and ideas. The men to whom separate rooms have been given are as follows: Whistler, Sargent, Chase, Duveneck, Childe Hassam, Redfield, Twachtman, Tarbell, McLure Hamilton, Gari Melchers, Howard Pyle, Joseph Pennell, and, jointly, Arthur Mathews and Francis McComas, the two latter being contemporary Californians, and big men both—men of whom the West may well be proud.

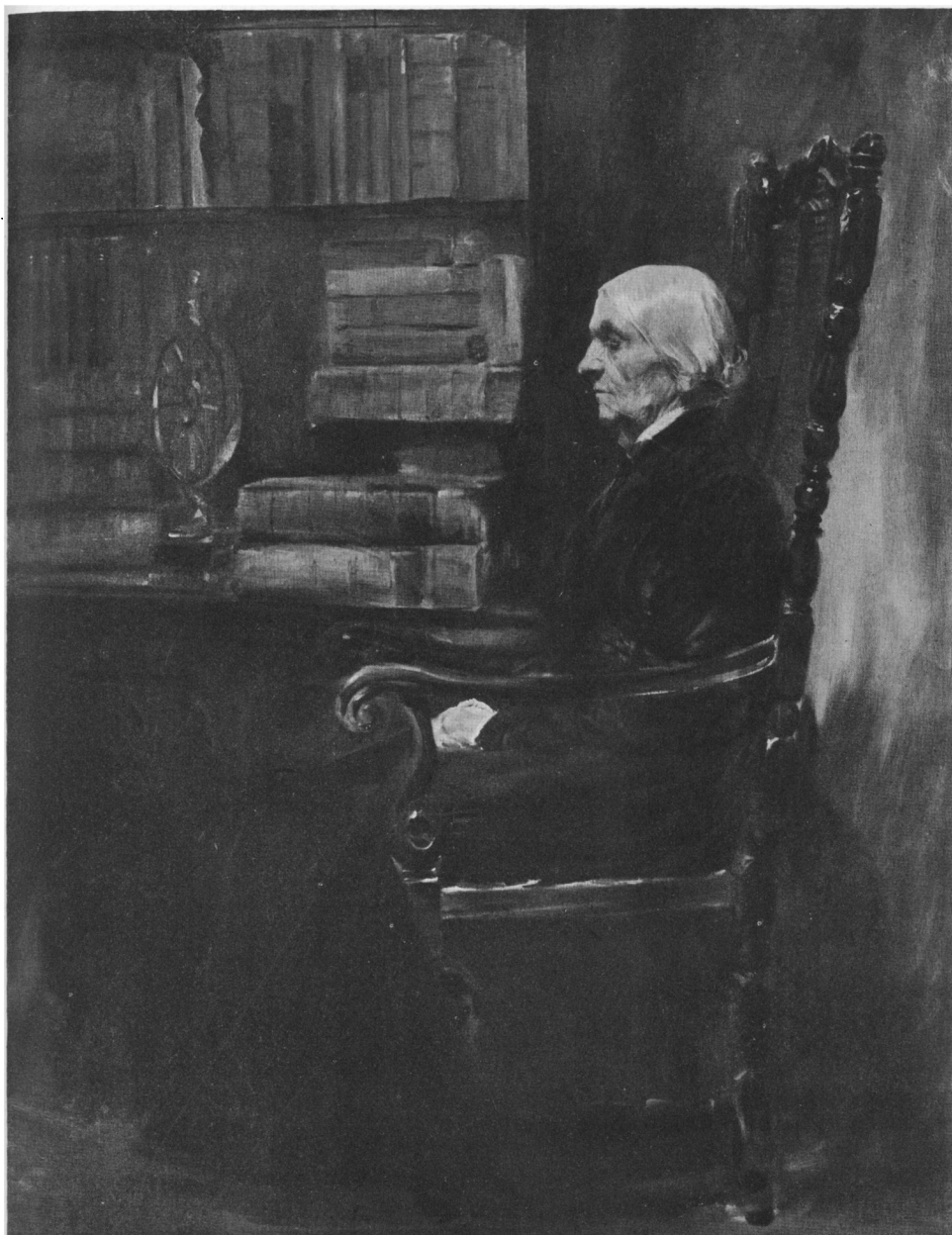
Returning, for a little while, to the subject of the various schools and influences dramatically showing the course and progress of Americanism in art, while it is impossible, in the limits of a brief paper, to be complete even in mere enumeration, it should be pointed out that certain of the more important branches of this huge subject call for a special mention, and special consideration by the students who would trace this evolution in the never-ending quest of beauty.

For example, the period preceding the Civil War when figure and portrait painting interests were supreme is well shown in the works of Elliot, Healy, Huntington, Gray, Leutze, and Page, together with the later men like Johnson, Guy, Boughton, Weir and Henry.

Winslow Homer, bulking above the lesser ones, as a big hill surmounts and sums up the hillocks of a scene, is represented by fourteen works.

The moulding of the Munich influence upon our men can be studied in Rosenthal, Shirlaw, Dielman, Muhrman, Currier, and many others, with two names supremely important—Chase and Duveneck, both single room men, and both men who have exerted tremendous force in giving direction to native painting.

Of the American painters who have derived chiefly from Paris and Antwerp and other trans-Atlantic schools, who shall draw up a final list? And when it is remembered—as always it should be vividly remembered lest pedantry crystallize our minds and compel us to view everything in terms of dull formalism—when it is remembered how the incalculably subtle and mercurial factors of individuality modify and color and saturate the work of



MOTHER

JOHN McLURE HAMILTON

even the most docile students of the various schools, we shall be anything but rigid and dogmatic in our classifications. Yet we know that men like Alden Weir, William Sartain, and many others, owe much to Paris, considered as a single, academic

interest—the school of Paris, and not Paris the experimenter. F. D. Millet, Minor, Bunce, and the rest, in the same manner stem from Antwerp; and so from Paris, from Rome, from London, Madrid, and other centers have radiated the in-



OAKS OF THE MONTE

FRANCIS McCOMAS



THE BLUE DEPTHS—CARMEL

WILLIAM RITSCHER

fluences that were congenial to men like Walter McEwen, Julian Story, Walter Gay, Dannat, Hitchcock, and many, many others, and which through them have commingled in the synthesis which is Americanism.

The followers of Church and Kensett—such men as Palmer, Taber, Bolton Jones; the followers of Inness, including Tiffany, and Dewey; the significant stress that must be laid upon the work of Theodore Robinson, with his pioneer message of light and direct impressionism; the even greater name of Twachtman, that painter of the spirit of landscape, of the essence that underlies all appearances, and without which, as old Walt Whitman has told us, the appearances do not avail, in the sense that they do not touch the soul of man; the mural painters who also worked or who still work at their easels, John La Farge, Elihu Vedder, Kenyon Cox, the many virile and interesting devotees of the sea—all these, and others just as important, call for study, and call for appreciation, illustrating the fertile history of our art, and indicating its hopeful future.

What material, for example, you find for stimulating, separate studies in the rooms which will make several big men for the first time broadly and publicly known—men appreciated by their brother artists and those who know what's what and who's who in our art, but only vaguely known to the world until now—Twachtman and Duveneck, preeminently.

How far we have departed from the panoramic idea of the earlier American landscape painters is borne in upon our realization by the work of many powerful brushes—Redfield perhaps preeminently; with Willard Metcalf, whose "Trembling Leaves" is the finest example of seven beautiful works from his hand, and Daniel Garber and Ernest Lawson, Ruger Donoho, Elmer Schofield, Edward F. Rook, Hayley Lever, George L. Noyes, William Ritschl, Charles Rosen and Paul Dougherty. Selective realism is the note of some of this varied and virile work, while with others there is a spirit of buoyant poetry manifesting its gracious and spiritual presence. There are those who give us their vision of the surface, of the exterior; and there are those to whom the outward aspect,

while important, is important only as the sacramental channel, so to speak, for the evocation of the inner spiritual forces from which they emanate.

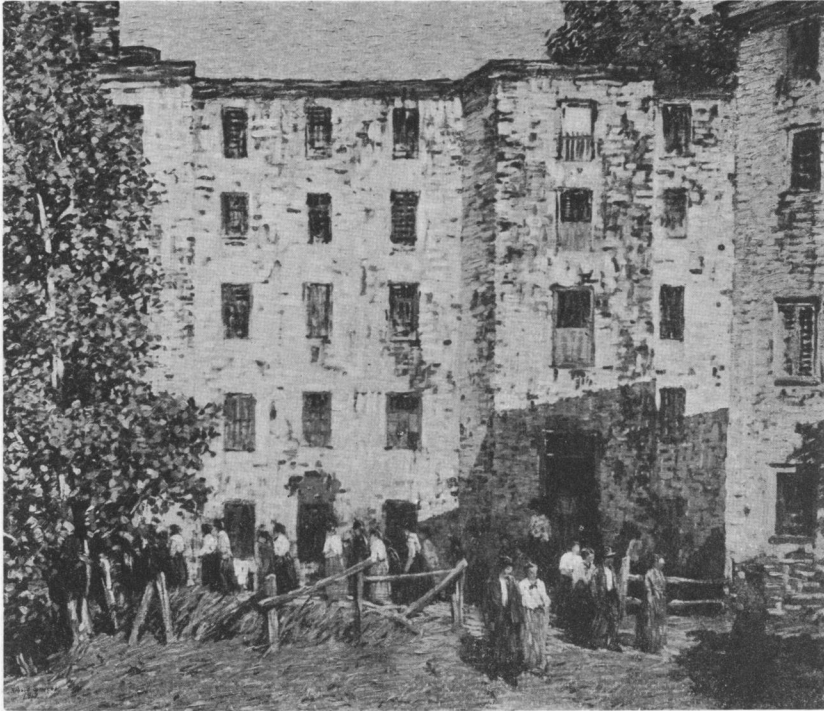
What may be called, for convenience sake, the newer Paris group is strongly represented by the notable canvases of Frederick Carl Frieseke, H. O. Tanner, Lawton Parker, Max Bohm, Richard E. Miller and Walter Griffin. The latter's work is attracting marked attention. The rich, luminous, jewel-like coloring of these canvases—recalling the thought of Monticelli—remains long in mind after you look upon them, and draws you back to them. Frieseke is represented by no fewer than eight examples of his versatile and clever though somewhat facile work.

John Alexander, Waldo Murray, Adolphe Borie, Sargeant Kendall, Blumenschien, Johansen, Arthur Carles, Ellen E. Rand, Johanna K. Woodwell Hailman, and, with mural work, Howard Gardiner Cushing, and Henry Fuller, are prominent among the figure painters, together with the well known name of Philip L. Hale.

A special interest attaches to the work of the Californian painters so notably represented in this gigantic exhibition. Isolated by immense distances from so much that is necessary to the stimulation and nurture of art—adequate sources for study and comparison, and suffering from lack of patronage and encouragement (San Francisco lags far behind half a dozen much smaller cities which all surpass it with their galleries), the artists of California have been badly handicapped. Yet the spirit of art is very vigorous in this golden state, the beauty of which is like unto the beauty of Italy and Greece, and which is destined like those homes of art to become centers of creative inspiration.

Arthur Mathews, a painter of imaginative force, with a powerful though serene and balanced beauty of style, and Francis McComas are two of the Californians given the special honor of a separate room. McComas is a water colorist of extraordinary force. There is nothing of the accidental, nebulous, or vague about his results. A strong design holds all his works together, forming the structure upon which his splendid color harmonies are displayed.

Armin Hansen, with his "Belated Boat,"



THE CLOSING HOUR

ROBERT SPENCER

Xavier Martinez, a poet in paint, a title that also must be given to Gottardo Piazzoni; Maynard Dixon, with his "Oregon Trail," a truly dramatic evocation of the western desert; Anne Bremer's very modern, decorative color rhythms; Lee Randolph's interesting and promising work; H. J. Breuer's landscapes; Bruce Nelson's golden aspects, so typically Californian; Joseph Raphael's powerful pictures; E. Charlton Fortune's spirited and buoyant things, so full of a sense of power held in reserve; H. V. Poor, Maurice Del Mue, of whom much is expected; Clarence Hinkle, Carl Oscar Borg, Eugen Neuhaus, Clark Hobart, Florence Lundborg, Isabelle C. Percy, Lucia K. Mathews, Granville Redmond, Matteo Sandona and Mary Curtis Richardson, are other names and titles the roster of which show how rich California is in talent, much of it of a high order, and some of it promising the future production of great things.

A great deal might be said of another group, bound together not by the interest of a special environment, like the Cali-

fornian artists, but by the sense which their pictures suggest that diverse as their work may be in other respects they are associated by the relation which they bear in common to the unfolding drama and the constantly increasing attraction of American life. But all that I may do at present is to record the fact that from their paintings there emanates a most attractive atmosphere of earnest reality. Men like George Bellows, going straight and trenchantly to the exposition of things as he and not as any teacher sees them; and men who in many ways are exploring and experimenting with results perhaps not always happy in themselves but full of suggestion and stimulation—such painters as Rudolph Dirks, Robert Spencer, Robert Henri, Robert Neilsen, Alexander Robinson, Grace Ravlin, Wm. Yarrow, Gifford Beal, Ettore Caser, Randall Davey, Edward Cucuel, Hugh H. Breckenridge—these are the paprika and "pep" of the show, stirring up interest, stirring up discussion, stirring up the opposition of academicism—and stirring up rows!



MATERNITY

GARI MELCHERS



FLOATING ICE: EARLY MORNING

CHARLES ROSEN



IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR

GEORGE W. SOTTER



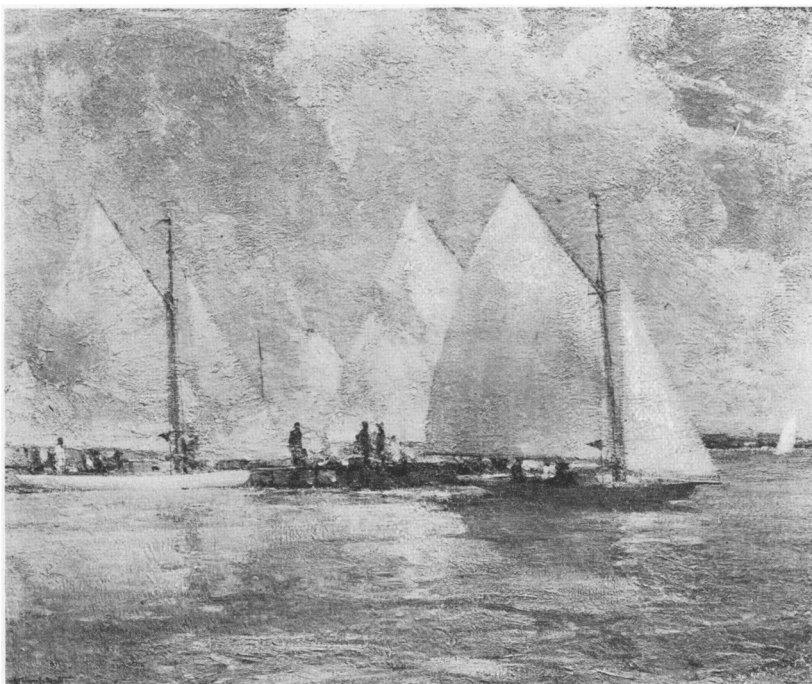
PASTORAL

E. MIDDLETON MANIGAULT

But of course, it is not to the work of the men who have stamped their seals upon the pages of American art in acknowledged authority that you look for the signs of new developments. It is rather among the newer and less known names that you search after the tokens of prophecy, the omens and the symbols of the unfolding future. In such a man as Samuel Halpert may be seen the portent of one main branch of development, that of the spirit of reality, a selective and rhythmical reality, and not merely documentary and photographic. In such a name as Rockwell Kent, who here voices the message perhaps more closely associated with the greater name of Arthur B. Davies, who unfortunately is not represented, may be divined the presence of another great branch of development—the idealistic, or, as I prefer to think of it, the New Romance. Then there is the group of which George Bellows is such a powerful protagonist—men who look at what is right bang under their eyes in the streets, the docks, the cafes—Glackens, Luks and Sloan spring again to mind—and who paint it as they see it, or as they feel it.

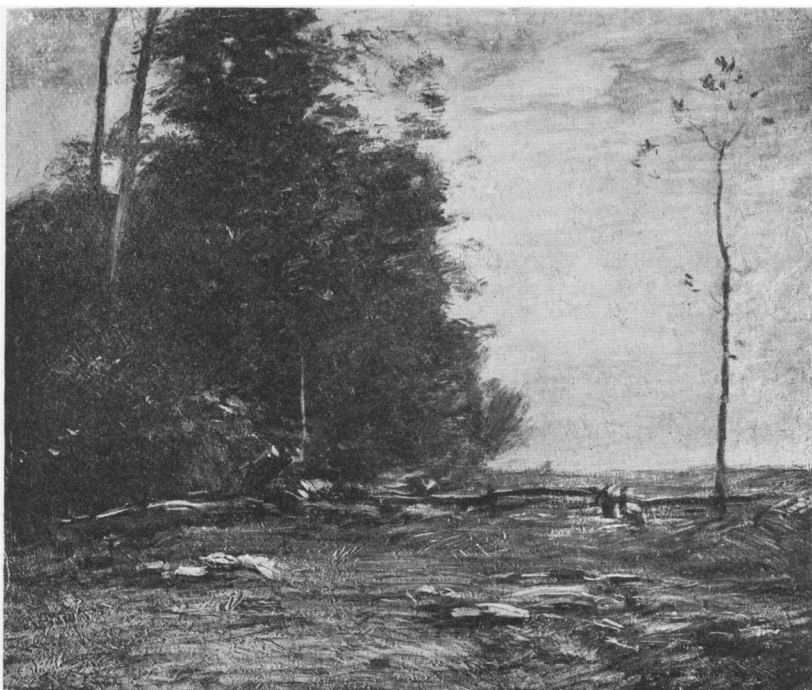
Between the two ways of realizing the impressions of life—the objective, or the subjective—the direct and trenchant, and the indirect and suggestive, art in all its manifestations has been of a divided allegiance; but surely we who turn to art either for stimulation or for consolation may find what we seek from either school. The poetics of Twachtman should not make one dim-eyed to the realities of Redfield, nor the physiological-psychology of Sargent stun us to the psychic enchantments of Whistler. In the house of art are many mansions, in each of which reigns a different mood.

But toward these topics I can only at present make a wide and sweeping gesture, as I present these few notes and hints and intimations—a sort of motion picture view, you might call it, of that tremendous pageant of art which is the San Francisco exhibition. But even as a motion picture suggests vitality more than a static lantern slide, however superior the latter may be in clearness of detail, it is my prayer that something of the dominant note of the exhibition will breathe through these



SUMMER BREEZE

W. GRANVILLE SMITH



FROST BITTEN FIELDS

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

pages—namely, the breath of its thrilling and abundant life, the life of its virile Americanism. I affirm this quality. I dare to assert that it is the most American thing that has happened in art on this

western continent. It closes the epoch of our dependence upon the elder world; it throws open the gates of the future, which is in the keeping of America. And those gates are golden.



THE GREEN SHAWL

ITALY

CAMILLO INNOCENTI

NOTES ON THE FOREIGN PAINTINGS

BY J. NILSEN LAURVIK

Commissioner of Fine Arts for Norway

THE following brief comments on certain of the foreign sections represented in the Department of Fine Arts of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition are nothing more than the most cursory notes, giving a most fleeting and superficial survey of the character and general content of these sections. The fact that

several of these sections are in process of installation at the time these lines are written renders any critical estimate of their relative value manifestly impossible. Suffice it to say at this time that, despite the almost insurmountable obstacles created by the present war, every nation of the world, save Russia, Austria, Mexico